THOUGHTS OF THE HOUR

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By

CHARLES COTTEY

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DEDICATED TO EDITH WARD

By
CHARLES COTTEY

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I began writing verses about 1914, the first poem being "We Can Whip 'Em." This was published in a Lincoln paper. From then on, I wrote many poems, always believing that they would be in book form some time. These were taken largely from my own experiences, and are the result of my own efforts, for I have had very little instruction in writing poetry. Beset by many difficulties, I never once gave up the idea of having a book published. The accomplishment of this seemed impossible, but finally the day came when the dream is realized.

An extract from my life story reads as follows:

"When I was a boy at the age of seven I met my fate by hooking a ride on a wagon. My sister and I were waiting for my father to come home from work. It was pay day. He was always kind to us and we were always glad to greet him.

"I saw a trailer coming down the street, and I said to my sister, 'I'm going to get a ride,' and she told me not to go, but boylike I didn't listen. Two men were on the front wagon and two on the seat of the back wagon. I ran and jumped on the tongue of the back wagon. I then rode for about a block and then hollered to them to let me off, but they lashed the team and went on much faster. I tried to climb up on the seat, but it was going so fast that it was impossible to do so, I rode about two blocks further, then not being able to ride longer in such a position, I made an effort to get off, falling in under the wheel. The last that I remember, I was between two wheels. Someone shouted to them that they had run over me. They became so excited that they kept on driving, making it appear that they were trying to get away, but they were told to remain there and wait for the police, who later said they were intoxicated. Some gentleman picked me up and carried me into the barber shop. I was more dead than alive at the moment, bleeding from eyes, ears, nose and mouth.'"

"I lived, but soon my sight was lost to me, and I was paralized, never able to walk again. My hands, too, were affected, and because of this, I was shut out from the manual activities with which many blind persons occupy their time. I was unable to learn to read the Braille system. Nor could I use the typewriter. I did learn to play the cornet.

"The radio, a gift from KMA, is grand, but my telephone is my most prized possession.'"

MAGAZINES

Ladies and gentlemen, both near and far,
I'd be happy to know just who you are.

Choose some good, spicy magazine,
To make your leisure hours serene.

There is "The American," which some like most,
Others "The Ladies Home Journal" and "Saturday Post."

There are many magazines, too numerous to mention;
So, kind friends, please give attention.

I'll appreciate your subscription as sure as I'm alive,
So please call Webster 2025.

—CHARLES COTTEY.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

That Saint Nicholas will come, our mother doesn't believe,
And a week from tonight, will be Christmas Eve.

I'm going to write him a letter, and will not make a noise.
Then perhaps in the dark, he will leave a few toys.

Edith wants some dishes, she asked for them in her prayer,
A doll that will go to sleep, or else a Teddy bear.

Albert longs for a sweater coat, a brown or blue,
Also a western story, something good and true.

Ida is the oldest, I haven't heard her suggest.
But bring to her, dear Santa, whatever you think best.

A FORD IS WHAT A POOR MAN SHOULD HAVE

I have a friend, and his name is Bill Gord,
He is a poor man, so he bought an old Ford.

With a worn out top and a body of tin,
With a board for a seat and a place to get in.

It had a high powered engine, and a very small hood,
With just one light that claimed to be good.

The battered up fender and one ripped gear,
With a hole in the top and one in the rear.

The rims were all broken and the shield just the same,
So they called it a Ford, because they must have a name.

The floor was lined with tin and the spokes were of wire,
But the little old Ford is what poor folks desire.

She was six feet long and four feet wide,
With a small brass front and a step on each side.

The steering wheel was bent, with a hole in the tank,
She had a first class engine, that was mighty hard to crank.

The axle was bent, and the wheels were built low,
But when he got started, you ought to see him go.

He ran seventy-five miles in an hour and a quarter,
On a gallon of gasoline, and a half gallon of water.

They granted him no license and he didn't have a number,
But Bill was tall and slim and as green as a cucumber.

Along came a drummer in a big Super-Six,
"My engine has gone dead, and I'm sure in a fix."

"Your engine has gone dead," replied Mr. Gord,
"Just cast that car aside and buy yourself a Ford."

Now Bill was a hustler and always on a hike,
He made lots of money during the street car strike.

Yes, he made lots of money because he had plenty to do,
So he bought another Ford that was all brand new.

ANSWER TO AUNT BESSIE'S LETTER

I am going to answer Aunt Bessie's letter,
  While I sit by the stove on a mat.
I'll ask "May I bring Sport along,
  "If I leave home—the big yellow cat?

"She lies asleep on the sofa,
  "The dog is here on the floor,
"I am going to bed, for I'm tired,
  "Just as soon as my writing is o'er.

"I am sending thanks for the pony,
  "I'll give you some money in May,
"I think Daisy's a pretty name,
  "I am glad she won't run away.

"I just feel so happy,
  "My heart is chuck full of joy,
"To know I have a live Shetland pony,
  "And not a make-believe toy.

"Please excuse this poor writing,
  "Cause John has the pen and ink,
"I have looked most an hour for a pencil,
  "Just every place I can think.

"I have looked the cabinet all over,
  "And the bureau drawer, clear through,
"And now my letter is ended,
  "It is really the best I can do."

A TRUE FRIEND

My thoughts are of someone, as good as gold,
Just what she is worth,
While on this earth,
Still remains untold.

She's a wonderful friend, with gentle grace,
Works from seven to seven,
And like an angel from Heaven,
Not a soul can take her place.

She does my corresponding, no one could
do it better,
I am proud to state,
I seldom dictate,
A business or a personal letter.

She is optimistic and works with a smile,
And I find,
She is inclined,
To be busy all the while.

She is faithful, honest and very kind
She is witty and wise,
Yes, I realize,
A true friend is hard to find.

DOT LEEDLE POY

I like dot poy,
Dot fills my heart mit pride and joy.

What brecks the plate ven it hits der floor,
What cries for milk ven der ain't no more.

What gets my pipe ven I say "Please,"
What always laughs ven I cough or sneeze.

What cries for his mutter like his heart
would break,
What always likes his shocklit cake.

What blows der horn unt makes so much noise,
What has a vagon mit lots of toys.

What breaks der vindow mit some leedle toy,
But never mind, I lof dot poy!

ADMIRATION

I love you darling, with all my heart,
This I'll never deny,
For you give me a thrill,
As no other girl will,
There's no use to ask me why.

Your sweet voice rings in my ear,
Each hour of the day,
And when you're near,
I'm happy dear,
And blue when you're away.

You are not conceited nor selfish,
No heart is purer than thine,
Your winning ways,
Recall bygone days,
Of an old sweetheart of mine.

Your sweet smile
Fills my heart with ecstacy,
I had other gals
Who were good pals,
But none so dear to me.

You're most alluring,
And you're ever true,
It is hard to state,
How I appreciate,
A wonderful friend like you.

I WONDER

I wonder if you think of me day by day,
I wonder if you miss me, dear, when you're away.

I wonder if you dream of me, while you're at rest,
I wonder if you know, dear, that I love you the best.

I wonder if you will write a line while we are apart,
I wonder if you care to be my dear sweetheart.

I wonder if you smile and answer with delight,
I wonder if you love me dear, please tell me tonight.

I wonder if you will say "yes," when I give you the ring,
I wonder if you will be mine, dear, when comes again the spring.

AN ARTIST

I adore an artist that can portray,
Any picture you wish to say.

She does good work, without a word,
She can paint any flower or beast or bird.

She can paint a ship on the high sea,
Just as natural as can be.

She can paint the moon, the stars, and the sun,
That shine down on my precious one.

Sometime I will ask her to make for me,
One beautiful picture I long to see.

Not the moon or the stars above,
Only a picture of her I love.

AMERICA'S HONORED

I love the flag with all my heart,
And I'll defend America's rights,
When it's time you know, to fight the foe,
I will die for the stars and stripes.

I'll salute the flag where I chance to be,
For the colors are ever true,
And no other shall wave over the home of
the brave,
But our own red, white and blue.

So cheer up comrade and do your part,
Hoist the flag and let her fly,
Show your patriotism anew, for the red,
white and blue,
Beneath the union sky.

I will love the flag while I live,
And will honor America's rights,
For I think it's great. Each star means
a state,
And a colony for every stripe.

Betray that flag! I can't do that.
That isn't loyalty,
But I'm ready to fight, with delight,
For the flag that sets us free.

A LETTER FROM AUNT BESS

I received a letter from Aunt Bess,
  Good news she had to tell,
For me, she's bought a pony,
  And keeps it in a corral.

A coal black Shetland pony,
  With spots of purest white,
Aunt says she's just a dandy,
  And her step is quick and light.

She bought a fine new harness,
Her harness is all silver mounted
  And the hames are trimmed in gold,
Just think—she weighs four hundred,
  And she's only five years old.

She's broken either to ride or drive,
  Whichever I may choose,
And she's much too nice to kick or bite,
  And she wears the smallest shoes.

Well that's all that's in her letter,
  Except a good-bye kiss she sends,
And "With love to my dear nephew"
  Is the way her letter ends.
  A saddle, cart and sleigh,
The pony's name is Daisy,
  And she'll never run away.

Dad says I can neither ride or drive,
  That I'll break my leg or neck,
But I'll show 'em all just how it's done
  When I get back you bet.

My aunt teaches a village school,
  Away out west you know,
And as soon as school is over,
  Straight west I'll surely go.

She wears the whitest stockings,
  And a white star on her head,
I know I'll dream about her,
  Just as soon as I'm in bed.

A LOVE THAT I THOUGHT WAS NOT TRUE

I was sitting in the parlor sighing,
  Watching and waiting alone,
Longing for my dear sweetheart,
  One I used to call my own.

Tall she was and beautiful,
  And her eyes were just so blue,
Her ways, they were so winning,
  I thought her love was true.

Her cheeks were like the roses,
  Her hair was soft and brown,
She dwelt in a little white cottage,
  Not far from the edge of town.

Many hours we passed together,
  Until the month of June,
The birds, they sang so sweetly,
  Their sweetest farewell tune.

The daisies and the buttercups
  Were growing in the dell,
But the roses were the flowers,
  She always liked so well.

She said they were so pretty,
  And their fragrance was so sweet,
She always kept me posted,
  There were flowers by my feet.

But now she has deceived me,
  Her love has proved untrue,
Someone has taken my darling,
  And it makes me feel so blue.

I opened a package of letters
  That she sent so long ago,
When she promised to be my sweetheart,
  If I would be her beau.

I read each letter over again,
  And the tears came to my eyes,
There, I found my darling's picture,
  The girl I idolize.

I found a note on the table,
  And these four lines, I read,
"My dear, I'll be there in just a week,
  But we two shall never wed."

Oh! why did she deceive me,
  When I worked so hard all spring,
I saved up every dollar,
  To pay for her diamond ring.

I have never had bad habits,
  That is, to chew or smoke,
There was never a time, when she was in need,
  That I told her I was broke.

She has taken all my pictures,
  My ring, my watch, and chain,
I would not care for any of them,
  If my dear would come again.

If she would only return and be happy,
  As we were before,
But those times are all gone by,
  And sad days are now in store.

I guess she loves another,
  I hope that they'll do better,
Just then a messenger came,
  For me, he had a letter.

I opened it in a hurry,
  And these few lines I read,
"I'm coming, dear, in just a week,
  "And then we two shall wed.

"Sorry I am for what I've done,
  "I hope you won't blame me,
"I merely left to get a deed,
  "To my land in Tennessee.

"This leaves me not so happy,
  "But mother and I are well,
"With lots of love and kisses,
  "From your sweetheart, Isabelle."

GOOD SERVICE

I have a girl friend that I adore,
But there's one that's dear to me.
And I wish to say, she works hard each day
For the telephone company.

I have to smile when I hear her voice
Coming o'er the wires.
And if I could, I certainly would
Do anything her heart desires.

When I tell this girl my number
Her sweet voice gives me a thrill.
And I can't reveal, how happy I feel
When she answers, "Yes, sir, I will."

I hope sometime in the future
I'll have the opportunity
To meet this girl that sets my brain awhirl,
Though her image, I shall never see.

TRIBUTE TO THE OMAHA ASSOCIATION OF THE BLIND

I have a good story that is old but new,
About Ethel, Nellie, and Anna McGrew.

The interest they show is wonderful, these girls, so kind.
They do everything in their power for those who are blind.

Ethel is the president, and her burdens are hard to carry,
While Anna is our treasurer, and Nellie our secretary.

Each meeting is worth your while; so please don't hesitate.
It is educating, I must confess, and all the members are great.

So wear a happy smile, leave all your sorrows behind,
And just attend a meeting of the Omaha Association of the Blind.

LOU IS THE GIRL FOR ME

I've met girls both here and there
  And some have proven untrue;
Genevieve was good to me
  But I can't go back on Lou.

Ida dwells across the way
  And she has a sister too;
Pearl is a very nice girl
  But I can't go back on Lou.

Mildred is very pretty
  She has hair of raven hue;
There was Daisy, nearly drove me
    crazy
  Whenever I'd speak of Lou.

I went to see Dorothy and she wasn't
    at home
  And it made me down hearted and
    blue,
And I can't forget Kate, for she was
    always late.
  But I can't say that about Lou.

Now I have traveled this great wide
    world
  And sweethearts I have had a few,
And I have often said, I would
    never wed
  Any girl but Lou.

FRANK'S GIRL

Frank has a girl friend,
And he says she is all his own.
I heard him say,
The other day,
There's no one like Leone.

She has a neat appearance,
This girl I'm longing to see,
I've heard it said,
Her hair is red,
And she's just like a sister to me.

I call her every evening,
Upon the telephone,
I'm a telling you,
This is true,
I admire Leone.

She keeps her house, oh so neat,
Everything is spic and span,
She works hard each day,
For not a lot of pay,
And does the best she can.

Now when she's cooking or
cleaning house,
You had better leave her alone,
Take my advice
Think once, not twice,
And stay away from Leone.

SPRING TIME

Oh! how I love the merry spring
When I see the birds and hear them sing.

The bobwhite each year gives me a thrill,
Or the call of a mournful whip-poor-will.

The cattle are grazing here and there;
And the grass is green almost everywhere.

The flowers are bright with fragrant bloom
All nature seems to be in tune.

When butterflies fly, and the honey bees hum,
Then, I know spring has come.

THANKSGIVING GREETINGS

Cheer up my little sweetheart,
I have come to say,
Now don't feel blue
This is for you,
Tomorrow's Thanksgiving Day.

Don't feel a bit discouraged,
If things don't come your way,
Just take care,
And always prepare,
To be happy on Thanksgiving Day.

BILL KNOWS HIS STUFF

Bill dwells
Next door to me,
And he has a
Very nice family.

He has five children
And a wife,
And he has worked on the road
Most all his life.

He's a car inspector
This is true,
And from what I hear,
He is a good man, too.

He made a call on me
Yesterday, about two,
And stated facts about his work
That I never knew.

Bill goes to work
In rain or shine,
And I'll admit,
He is a friend of mine.

A FRIEND OF MINE

There's a spark of love that's in
my heart,
For one that is always true
And I can't believe,
She will deceive,
As other girls often do.

She is just as fair as she can be,
Her cheeks are like a rose,
I know you will pine,
For a friend like mine,
For true love always grows.

Sweet and dear as a girl can be,
She has a winning way,
I could never find,
One half as kind,
If I'd search from day to day.

And when she's gone I miss her,
More than you suppose,
Ever I'm longing to hear,
From my loved one dear,
For she's sweet as the flower
that grows.

She doesn't slight a single soul,
And she makes the sun shine,
She laughs at our jokes,
And is good to old folks,
That's why she's a friend of mine.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

These roses dear, are all for you,
It's just a sweet boquet,
So wear a smile all the while,
And be happy on your birthday.

If you like flowers, don't
Hesitate to write and say
Remember more I have in store,
Best wishes on your birthday.

IF YOU REALLY LOVE ME

You've filled my heart with happiness,
dear,
And sometimes mingled pain.
I think of you with loving hope.
I can't believe 'twas all in vain.

There is no one that loves you, dear,
One-half so much as I.
My heart's been yours year after year,
Yet silently you sigh.

I was thinking of you this morning
Building castles in the air,
Dreaming that you would always be
mine
And ours was a happiness rare.

There is no girl can take your place
No one appeals to me.
In sunny hours or saddened days,
I think of you constantly.

Sweetheart, if you really love me
Let nothing interfere.
We'll find our way to hope again,
Just say the word to me, my dear.

MEMORIES

I can't forget those bygone days,
How I loved Viola with her winning ways.

She was never rude, but oh, so good,
I was glad when she moved into our neighborhood.

We went to school together in rain or shine,
It was then she promised that she would be mine.

We played games most every night,
Until I quit walking and lost my sight.

Then she brought me fruit and chocolate cake,
She cried as though her heart would break.

She loved me with all her heart,
'Tis sad but true we drifted apart.

But now she's married, and you bet,
Our childhood days we can't forget.

I WOULD I WERE AN ARTIST

I wish I were an artist,
Then I would portray
  A maiden fair
  With golden hair,
That dwells across the way.

I would portray each feature,
Her eyes and cheeks with care,
  There would be no gloom
  Within my room,
Were her picture hanging there.

But as it is, I concentrate
On the loveliness I know.
  'Tis my true love,
  I'm thinking of,
As the hours come and go.

I see her image in my dreams
And oh, her loving face!
  Not even Pearl
  Or any girl
Could ever take her place.

Since I'm not an artist,
Her self I can't portray.
  But it would break my heart,
  If I had to part
With the girl across the way.

DOROTHY'S UNLUCKY DAY

Dorothy broke the teacher's rule,
And had to stay in after school.

She broke her pencil, dropped her pen,
And whispered to every one, now and then.

She spoiled her book, when she spilled her ink,
Because she was careless and did not think.

She wouldn't come at the teacher's call,
And had to stand out in the hall.

She drew her teacher's picture on the board,
And blamed the work on Johnny Ford.

She took her pencil and tapped the bell,
She didn't think a child would tell.

But soon, teacher hurried in,
And looked at Dorothy with a grin.

"Who moved that box and lid?"
All the children shouted, "Dorothy did!"

She told her mother without delay,
For the thirteenth was her unlucky day.

JUST A FRIEND

It's true, dear, we've never met,
Though you are the kind of a girl I
can't forget.

Your disposition and your winning way,
Make me love you more each day.

Your voice is never harsh, nor manner rude,
And no words can express my gratitude.

And yet, some day, you will realize,
You're just the girl I idolize.

So have patience, the same as I,
We'll find a way in the sweet by and by.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS

When I get old
  Like my pa
I'll study books
  That he calls law.

I won't play cards
  Or shoot that pool,
But I'll tend to business
  By going to school.

I'll stay in nights
  As the best folks do.
And I'll study my lessons
  Through and through.

I'll work after school
  As the years go by.
Then I'll make my way
  Through Creighton High.

In no great while
  I'll have money and knowledge,
To spend four years
  At business college.

Uncle Jim
  Is truly great.
A sign on his window
  Reads "Real Estate."

Modern houses
  And tracts of land.
And Uncle Will
  Instructs a band.

If they're in business
  Why can't I
Start right now
  And try and try.

I CAN'T FORGET YOU

Sit down, Jack, and listen,
I have a true story in mind,
Of a maiden fair,
With soft brown hair,
And my love for her is sublime.

She seems just like an angel,
As fair as the summer skies,
And there isn't a face,
Can take her place,
For she's the girl I idolize.

I long to hear her footsteps
And her sweet voice soft and low,
But she made me blue,
And happy, too,
In the days of long ago.

She scattered sunshine in my life,
But now she has broken my heart.
I am sorry to state,
But I must relate,
The best of friends must part.

I see her books here and there,
And her picture on the wall,
No, I can't forget,
The day we met,
Five years ago this fall.

We have had our quarrels as
sweethearts,
But the good Lord knows above,
When the day is o'er
On that beautiful shore,
I'll find the girl I love.

IF I ONLY KNEW

Once you made me happy,
And I really thought you great,
But listen, my pet,
You will regret,
When it is all too late.

You scolded me at various times,
And made my poor heart ache,
But let me say,
I know some day,
You will see your mistake.

You broke my plans one by one,
As though you didn't care,
And you wouldn't agree,
Ever with me,
And my castles fell in the air.

My happy days are over,
Yes, this is true,
Though I'll always remember
That day in November
When I called and asked for you.

Now my heart is filled with sorrow,
And I have cried but in vain,
So come my pet,
Let's forgive and forget,
And just be friends again.

WHY

Why fill my heart with sorrow and woe,
Why tell me yes, when you mean no?

Why make me discouraged and oh, so blue;
Why tell me your love is true?

Why wear a smile, when you make me grieve;
Why slight me and yet deceive?

Why get angry at the things I say;
Why scold me from day to day?

Why tell me no, to my distress;
Why say maybe and never yes?

MY CHEVROLET

I used to own a little Ford,
But sold it last May.
  The Willys-Knight
  It's all right,
But I kept my Chevrolet

She has a high powered engine,
Six cylinders good as new.
  I can save more gasoline,
  With this machine
And she never hits on two.

The carburetor is worn a little,
There's one puncture in the rear.
  It has a one-man top
  That's easy to drop;
There's not a knock you can hear.

The spark plugs as as clean as can be,
There's no use to worrk or sigh.
  When I run short on gasoline,
  I can use benzine,
And make any hill on high.

She has a horn and starter,
The engine has the power.
  I can go near or far
  With this car,
It hits sixty miles an hour.

If you want a machine or have one
        to trade,
Come now without delay.
  How well I know
  You can save lots of dough,
When you own a Chevrolet.

MY BOYHOOD SWEETHEART

The paper and ink's on the table,
The pen I hold in my hand;
I'll write once more,
To the girl I adore,
Though her ways I don't understand.

We went to school together,
She was the only one,
She had her way
From day to day,
But oh, the things she said and done.

She could play migs or spin a top,
I taught her in one week.
I must maintain
In sun or rain
She would play tag or hide and seek.

She would fly a kite, play mumblepeg,
More like a boy than a girl,
But never-the-less,
I must confess,
I really did love Pearl.

She gave me her picture one day,
I kept it close to my heart,
But on that day in July,
When she bid me good-bye,
That's when we drifted apart.

She promised to write to sister and me;
That was all in vain,
I said to Lou,
"I feel blue,"
And she said that she felt the same.

Sixteen years rolled by,
And never a word did we hear,
But I declare,
I searched everywhere,
For the one that I loved so dear.

Then a letter came, which read,
"We'll start life anew,
For the Lord above,
Knows I love
No other one but you."

WHAT I THINK OF JOE

When I get in distress, boys,
And I need help you know,
I never wait, nor hesitate;
But I always call for Joe.

He gives me consolation
I want this world to know.
He is Irish through and through,
And there is no one else like Joe.

He's an attorney, a good one, too,
With just a little dough.
But, nevertheless, I must confess,
I think the world of Joe.

In spite of his car and property,
And in fact, all his dough,
I must exclaim, "He's just the same,"
Yes, I admire Joe.

MY REQUEST

Oh, darling, when strength fails me,
And no last hope avails me.

Draw me closer to your breast,
And remember my request.

Oh. stay with me to my last breath,
And do not go until my death.

My sight and strength are both denied
But let us rest here, side by side.

My heart is filled with grief and pain,
And I shall never see again.

But I think of you all the while,
And I'd give the world to know
your smile.

Read these lines and think of me,
Grant this request, I'm asking thee.

Tho' in tears, I don't rebel.
I love you more than I can tell.

MY STORY

I hooked a ride on a wagon, sad to relate,
At the age of seven is when I met my fate.

I saw two boys on a trailer, so I soon took a notion,
And mounted the tongue of the vehicle while in
motion.

I rode for two blocks, and my heart filled with pain,
I shouted to let me off, but it was all in vain.

I climbed on the front wagon, well I remember this
trip,

The driver lashed the team, and hit my fingers with
a whip.

I tried to climb down, sad to reveal,
Tried again to get off, but fell under the wheel.

The wagon rolled over me, I remember the time,
This is a true story, just given in rhyme.

There I lay unconscious, alone on the street,
A man stopped the driver, called an officer on the
beat.

The people gathered from far and near
They soon blocked the traffic, in anxious fear.

When you read this story, a warning you'll find,
For now I am crippled and also stone blind.

MY IDEAL

Deep in my heart is a longing
For some one I idolize;
And all the while,
She wears a sweet smile,
And it's true she is witty and wise.

Her picture, I have engraved in
my heart,
Beautiful, so I have been told.
Wondrously fair,
She has brown hair.
And her word is as good as gold.

This girl is marvelous,
More than the rest,
She is willing to work,
And will never shirk,
Here there isn't a chance to
protest.

She takes everything that comes
or goes,
Honest, worthy and true,
I must relate,
She is certainly great,
For she is never downhearted
nor blue.

She takes a great interest in her
work,
And does the best she can,
She has a good position,
And is full of ambition,
Yes, I admire Nellie Ann.

SANTA'S LETTER

St. Nicholas is coming in a wonderful sleigh,
That's laden with all kinds of toys,
Gifts for the girls, precious as pearls,
Horns and drums for the boys.

Automobiles, all painted red,
And street cars, that run on tracks,
Wagons too, trimmed in yellow and blue,
And story books, just by the stacks.

Of games and blocks, he has a score,
And dolls, both large and small,
Now if you are good, I know Santa would
Be delighted in pleasing you all.

He has furniture too, of the very best,
And tea dishes, just the same,
So order what you desire before you retire
And send dear Santa your name.

YOU

There is some one tall and beautiful, with eyes of blue;
There is some one I really love, and that some one is you.

There's some one that makes me happy, yet simetimes very blue;
There's some one I think of, and that some one is you.

There's some one that worries me the whole night through;
There's some one I can't forget, and that some one is you.

There's some one that scolds me a little, most every day or two;
There's some one who fills my heart with bliss, and that some one is you.

There's some one I wish were mine, if only true;
There's some one I long to kiss, and that some one is you.

MY PHONE

You can have your car
And your flying machine.
  You can have the radio
  Any everything I own.
But just give me my phone.

Friends, the joy and comfort I find
As I'm sitting here alone.
  For I'm telling you
  I'd be downhearted and blue
If it were not for my phone.

You can have all your dough
And all your property
  I just can't state,
  Nor can I relate
What my phone means to me.

You can have my tobacco and pipe
That I've used for many a year.
  But to take my phone
  That I call my own
Would cause me many a tear.

I can call friends or relatives
Whether they're near or far.
  And every day
  I can call little Mae,
A pleasure nothing can mar.

Oh! dear to me is my phone,
Without it life would be drear.
  I'll never forget
  I can't, you bet,
Kind friends are ever near.

The operators are all courteous,
And kind they are to me.
  So at this time,
  I'll compose a rhyme
For the Telephone Company.

PAYING THE PRICE

I'll be taken to the prison in the morning,
I am leaving just at the break of day,
  Now my heart is filled with pain,
  For I've robbed the east-bound train,
And dear it's true that I will have to pay.

Oh, I robbed the train in the valley,
Where the flowers will always fade and
    bloom,
  I had no fear,
  For I shot the engineer,
And now I must meet my fatal doom.

Dear, you asked me twice for money,
And that's how I came to steal,
  But tomorrow's the day,
  With my life I must pay,
And my case I know you can't appeal.

There is not a chance for any pardon,
And sorrow you will have to take,
  But remember my love,
  You're my turtle dove,
And I'm going to die for your sake.

I have to leave you, sweetheart,
But there isn't any use to cry,
  Yesterday you said,
  That we two shall wed,
In the sweet, sweet by and by.

So kiss me now and forever,
Let me hold once more your hand,
  Listen, sweetheart,
  Now it's best that we shall part,
Then I shall see you in the promised land.

MY INSPIRATION

I love someone with all my heart,
But not for sympathy.
  I can't reveal
  Just how I feel
For the one who is dear to me.

She drives away all sorrow
With a happy word of cheer.
  That's why I pine
  For this friend of mine,
And wish that she were here.

She gives me consolation,
The joy no other will.
  I'll cherish her name
  She's always the same,
Her sweet voice gives me a thrill.

She doesn't get despondent,
Nor shed unhappy tears.
  In my dreams,
  Her sweet face beams,
And her voice rings in my ears.

She's like an angel radiant,
Sweet from Heaven above.
  And while I live,
  I will gladly give
Everything to my true love.

MY LITTLE PAL

I get discouraged now and then,
As others sometimes do,
  But I have a gal
  That is a pal,
She cheers me when I am blue.

She fills my heart with happiness,
And my love is all aglow,
  She says she's mine,
  Well, that's divine,
I want this world to know.

She gives me consolation,
As the sun goes down in the west,
  I lie and scheme,
  And often dream,
Of the girl I love the best.

She gave me her picture yesterday,
I wear it close to my heart,
  We quarrel, that's true,
  As lovers do,
But I hope we ne'er shall part.

I am happy when I greet her,
And yet the tears will fall,
  She has made mistakes,
  She has given me heartaches,
But I love her, I guess, that's all.

MY SWEETHEART

I have found a dear sweetheart,
With cheeks of rosy red
  She had pretty curls,
  Like many girls,
But now her hair is bobbed instead.

She has patience, I'll admit,
And no sweeter flower grows,
  When the stars are shining,
  I'm always pining,
For my little Rose.

She tells sad stories now and then,
And my heart is not so light,
  But I realize
  And sympathize,
With my sweetness, day and night.

She's not a bit deceitful.
Nor will she criticize,
  But oh, Gee,
  It worries me!
When my darling cries.

She won't reveal a secret,
I am glad to say,
  She makes me blue,
  And so angry too,
But I miss her more each day.

She's true to every promise.
That fills my heart with bliss,
  And I'll break every vow,
  And do it now,
For a dear little girl like this.

She doesn't grieve about this or that,
In either rain or shine,
  That's why I desire,
  And admire,
This true sweetheart of mine.

MY OPINION OF LILLIAN

A friend of mine,
  Not long ago,
Made me a present,
  Of a radio.

I am proud of this gift,
  And I'll never forget,
The friend that gave me
  My crystal set.

I could stay awake,
  Both night and day,
And hear Lillian Madison
  Sing and play.

Her voice is clear,
  And I declare,
She is really the best
  That's on the air.

She can read music,
  Of the very best,
And she will play and sing,
  Most any request.

She knows the songs
  Both old and new,
And I'm always sorry,
  When Lillian's through.

So just tune in,
  If it won't trouble you,
And hear Lillian Madison
  From WOW.

MY ONE REGRET

You are on my mind constantly
Sweetheart, let me say,
  For when you are near,
  I'm happy dear,
You roll the clouds away.

The flowers will bloom and wither,
But true love does not die,
  But remember sweetheart,
  When we are apart,
For you I often cry.

I have no other sweetheart,
And I hope you will agree,
  That there is joy and bliss,
  In every kiss,
You sometimes give to me.

If you should love another,
Please tell me true
  Don't let me sigh,
  Don't let me cry,
When my thoughts are all for you.

If you are not for me,
My heart knows deep regret;
  But let me say,
  I love you more each day,
Though I wish we had never met.

OUR PRESIDENT

Just be kind to Roosevelt,
  Honor him and obey,
Remember he is the President
  Of the good old U. S. A.

Ah, my friends, don't hesitate,
  For when your day's work is done,
You can then count your blessings
  And name them one by one.

He has been governor of New York,
  And a good one we all know,
But now he is our president,
  And we all love him so.

He has helped the poor old farmers,
  Whose hearts are filled with pain,
Get better prices for their produce,
  Their cattle, hogs, and grain.

He has fought the depression,
  And stuck right at his post,
Oh, the nation is glad to listen
  When he speaks from coast to coast.

He has made the banks secure and
    sound,
  Just for you and me,
And still is fighting
  By day and night for prosperity.

He has saved families in distress,
  And brought to them much joy,
He has made more work possible
  For many a girl and boy.

He is doing everything for the nation,
  And how hopeful he makes us feel,
So come at once and do your part,
  That's my sincere appeal.

THANKS KMA

The hours no longer are dreary for me,
I want the whole wide world to know,
And let me say, I want to thank Earl May
And others for my radio

I keep it going from early to late;
There's something good on everywhere,
When stars at evening gleam, always I dream
Of an artist that's on the air.

No one can measure how happy I am
As many hours come and go,
I'm telling you I would soon feel blue
Without my radio.

True story and others are interesting,
And the music, oh, so grand,
Yet all the while I have to smile
When I hear the strains of a band.

When you're in the field,
A sowing your oats and barley
If in your home, or where'er you roam,
Think how happy you've made Charley.

"THANKS, TEACHER"

I like Miss Thompson because she is kind,
A nicer teacher 'tis hard to find.

She always hurries with more to do,
It's ever the same and nothing new.

She comes to school, at half past eight.
She's never early, and never late.

She likes the children, treats all alike,
She longs to help Frank, George and Mike.

She gives them her time and never despairs,
She wins at last for she really cares.

They race and tease girls every day,
Come late for school, waste time on the way.

They play with marbles, and try to play ball,
Sometimes play hookey; that's worst of all.

Then says she, "Children, you all must know
Note writing and whispering have to go.

I'll take your names and make this rule:
If you don't mind, you'll stay after school."

OUR FRIEND

Bill is a friend worth having
He is, oh, so kind,
'Tis more than true.
He is honored, too,
Yes, he does much for the blind.

He is a member of the "Kiwanis
Club,"
So I have been told,
And I want to state,
He is certainly great,
And his word's as good as gold.

He takes a great interest in
the blind,
And deserves a word of praise,
I want to confess,
If we are in distress,
He helps us in various ways.

He takes everything good
naturedly,
He tries to please us all,
It's hard to reveal,
How happy we feel,
When he makes a social call.

He wears a smile all the time,
Whether the sky be blue or grey,
He will be our friend,
Till this world will end,
But, thanks, is all we can say.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

I lie on my pillow, night after night, watching the stars that shine.
Then I scheme and often dream of the girl I wish were mine.

She seems like an angel from Heaven, that was sent to me on this earth,
And that is why I love her each day in spite of sorrow or mirth.

She is very particular about her clothes, and also her pretty hair.
She gives me advice that is oh, so nice, and there's no better girl anywhere.

She gladly answers my questions with her clever ability,
But it isn't her clothes as you suppose, it's her personality.

She isn't persistent as some girls, and for her love I pine.
That's why I say from day to day, I wish that she were mine.

REVEREND R. R. BROWN

There's a gentleman, I adore
That dwells somewhere in town.
And I want to state
I congratulate
The Reverend R. R. Brown.

His sermons are interesting
And all delivered with care.
I want to say,
Give thanks, when you pray,
For each message over the air.

He tells the sweetest story
That ever has been told.
About our Savior's love
And our home above.
Come now both young and old.

Come, my friends, to Jesus
And never go astray.
Ask and believe
And you will receive,
For He will help you in every way.

THE PASTRY COOK

There's a friend of mine across the street
And I think she's great.
Now she can bake any kind of cake
And it's the best you ever ate.

Her cookies and doughnuts are so nice,
And not a bit too sweet,
And we all cry for her lemon pie
I'll say "It can't be beat."

Once she asked if I liked cup cakes,
And "Yes" was my reply,
And as I'm alive, she sent me a dozen
and five
And a loaf of light bread to try.

She has had much experience, and
I don't care what you say,
You can have you meat—all you care
to eat.
I'll take her pie and cake any day.

You can search this wide world over,
From day to day.
But you can't find a pastry cook, no
matter where you look,
Like my friend across the way.

THE BOY'S VACATION

I like to go to grandma's farm,
  She gives us good things to eat.
She gives us all the pies we want
  And cake, oh so good and sweet.

She keeps a jar of cookies
  High on the pantry shelf,
And she doesn't say a word to anyone,
  Whenever one helps himself.

I just fill up my pockets,
  As full as they can be,
But John is scared and won't take one;
  So I give him two or three.

Then grandma smiles at me
  And says, "Don't you make a noise,
For when these cookies are gone,
  I'll make more for you boys."

Then we go down to the orchard,
  That is filled with apples and plums;
And we always have the nicest times,
  Whenever summer comes.

We help grandpa to fill the baskets—
  Three, and then a score,
And he says, "Eat hearty all you want,
  My boys, that's what they're for."

But when it's time to leave the farm,
  We all just draw aside,
We give grandma a loving kiss,
  And they we say, "Goodbye."

So they put us on the train,
  And they say to mind the rule,
"Come back again next summer,
  When you boys get out of school."

MY WISH

If I had someone to love,
I'd be as happy as the birds,
  And I'd never part
  From my dear sweetheart;
Truly, actions speak louder
    than words.

If I had someone to caress,
Just to call my very own,
  I would never frown,
  When the rain comes down,
Yes, I'm tired of living alone.

If I had someone to honor,
To greet me with a smile,
  I would buy a bungalow
  For the one that I love so,
Then life would seem worth while.

If I had someone to cheer me,
When I'm feeling, oh, so blue,
  I would never sigh
  As the years go by
As others often do.

I would take everything cheerfully
And lead a happy life,
  Her sorrows I would share
  And gladly bear,
All for the love of a wife.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE MIDNIGHT FLYER

I arrived a headquarters at half-past ten,
And the dispatcher was sore for I was late.
He said "A Hundred and Two, is long past due,
And I have no report for her fate."

"Well, you will have to do better than this,"
He exclaimed. When a dispatch came over
the wire
It read, "Send a crew, for a Hundred and Two,
Near Boston somewhere, on the flyer."

He thought for a moment then gave me my orders
And said, "Take out a Hundred and One
And an extra crew for a Hundred and Two.
You are elected to make that run."

I mounted the cab; they gave the signal.
I saw we had water and coal,
And without delay, we were on our way,
Just making the drivers roll.

I whistled for the bridge and crossings;
The throttle I opened wide,
And I said, "By Joe, we have got to go;
So watch out on your side."

The lightning flashed and thunder roared.
My, how it did rain!
The fireman said, "Just think of the dead,
And those that suffer with pain."

We crossed the last bridge at midnight,
And the fireman, too, was vexed.
He said, "Beware, and say a prayer
For our turn it may be next."

We thought of the women and children,
And this made us both feel blue.
That was the fate, sad to relate
Of those on a Hundred and Two.

At last the spell was broken;
The fireman turned and said,
"Shut her down, Joe, and run in slow,
The train is just ahead."

I closed the throttle and jumped from the cab.
In the midst of the drenching rain,
I greeted a friend long dear to me.
She nursed the sick on the train

I heard her story with great relief
For she had done all she could do.
"My friend," she said, "there are fifteen dead,
And the injured are twenty-two."

Three cars with the engine had left the rail,
That's how it came about.
When I go back, I'll explain to Jack,
'Twas caused from a bad washout.

I went to the station and told the boys,
I asked them to wire right through:
"A Hundred and One, has made the run
And will start back at two."

I went to headquarters the following day,
For I was about to retire.
And they said, "Yes, indeed, you're the man
we need;
You've won your fame on the flyer."

QUEEN

I have owned many a dog,
And some were pretty mean,
I have never yet had a pet
That would take the place of Queen.

She was a Doberman Pincer,
The best that I could find,
Most every day we would romp and play,
She seemed to know that I was blind.

She laid at my feet that morning,
And I stroked her head and ears,
I held my breath when I heard of
her death,
Nor could I keep back the tears.

She was a faithful dog,
I'm happy to reveal,
But she met her fate I heard a neighbor
girl state,
She was run over by an automobile.

So take this warning
Wherever you may roam,
If you have a pet don't forget,
To keep it safe at home.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

There's a little house by the roadside
  That I pass each night and morn.
It makes me think of by-gone days,
  The place where I was born.

It's old and dilapidated,
  For it hasn't had the care.
It's been ten years, so they say,
  Since anyone was there.

But if I had a thousand dollars,
  This fact I'm telling you;
I'd have that house beyond the hill,
  And build it, just like new.

First, I would hire a mason
  And have it plastered neat,
Build a chimney from the ground,
  That would rise up eighteen feet.

Next, I would find a carpenter,
  And have him lay the floors,
Put in oak casings,
  Fit the windows, and hang the dors.

I'd lay a walk around the house,
  Plant some flowers by the door,
Trim the trees, and mow the lawn,
  As in the days of yore.

I would buy some wire fencing
  And fix each post and brace,
Paint the barn and wagon shed
  To help improve the place.

I would varnish the floors and paper
    the walls,
  And paint each window sash,
Then go right back where I was born,
  If I only had the cash.

SOME ONE

There is some one in this great wide
world
Who is very dear to me,
And my love will burn and I will yearn,
For I think of her constantly.

When she was young, she was quiet,
And seldom had much to say,
Now I sigh as the years go by,
For my true friend far away.

Her affection for me was sincere,
She was never indifferent or cold,
But always my friendly comrade.
Her word was as good as gold.

She used to joke with me often,
And never was cross nor stern,
Oh, we used to spoon by the light of
the moon,
Now, I'm longing for her return.

SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART

One operator appeals to me, and she is oh, so kind,
And let me say, both night and day,
She's ever on my mind.

She rings each number with interest, indeed she is
no smarty,
I must relate she treats you great,
For she likes to get your party.

She has a dozen dresses, she keeps them in the hall,
Well you can bet, that her georgette
Is really the best of them all.

She takes everything good naturedly, whatever
comes or goes,
She likes to dance when she gets a chance,
And she's wild about the shows.

Yes, she is someone's sweetheart, and the best one
ever seen,
No words can reveal how happy I feel,
When I visit with Irene.

THE WOMAN OF TO-DAY

If you ever get married, you want to
beware
Of the broom and the rolling pin.
Don't ever get cross
And think you are boss.
When you do, troubles are sure to begin.

Don't lay your cigar on the buffet,
Don't ever curse or swear.
For, as sure as you do,
You will find this is true:
It makes a wife cross as a bear.

A woman is ready to argue at all times,
Take a tip, for I have observed,
Most every day,
You will find her this way:
She is determined to have the last word.

She wants dresses made of silk,
Satin or crepe de chine.
If velvet or fur are the go
She doesn't want gingham or calico,
And she turns down brilliantine.

She buys what she wants on installments;
And that is a poor policy.
She doesn't care about the price,
Just as long as it looks nice,
And there isn't much sent C. O. D.

There are very few things on the grocery bill;
All a wife wants is nice clothes.
She will break her neck
To get your check,
Then wonder where the money goes.

When you come home at noon,
And your meal is cold,
Just wear a smile
All the while
And remember not to scold.

So, boys, when you get married,
Don't feel down hearted or blue.
Just sing a song
And get along,
But be careful what you say or do.

YOU'LL PAY

You scolded me and you made
My heart ache just yesterday.
  You broke your vow,
  And it's all off now;
But dear, you'll pay.

You have worried me I
Must confess, from day to day.
  Theres' no use jokin',
  My plans are broken;
But dear, you'll pay.

You've lied to me off and on,
And there's nothing more to say.
  You've filled my heart with sorrow,
  You've no thought of the morrow;
But dear, you'll pay.

Your beautiful form I'll
Never see, I'm sorry to say.
  You've made me sigh,
  You've made me cry;
But dear, you'll pay.

I've tried to make you
Happy since that one sad day.
  You didn't seem to care,
  You gave me the air;
But dear, you'll pay.

THE FORD COUPE

I toiled hard
  For six bucks a day,
And bought myself
  A ford coupe.

The engine started to missin',
  And it only hit on two,
And I started cussin'
  Till the air all around turned blue.

A lady drove up
  In an Overland
Saying, "Clean your carbon
  And your Ford will run."

I cranked the engine
  Till my arm was sore.
Then I cleaned the carbon
  And she hit on four.

She has four tires;
  Well I declare!
There wasn't a cussed one
  That would hold air.

A neighbor of mine
  Said with a grin,
You've a good old Ford
  For the shape it's in."

There stood the Overland
  In mud and rain,
Trying to make a grade
  But all in vain.

The engine puffed
  Then it roared,
And the driver paid me a dollar
  For the use of my old Ford.

I hooked right on,
  The driver gave me the sign,
Well, I pulled the Overland through
  With that old Ford of mine.

THE GIRL FOR ME

I have a sweetheart, I must confess,
Who scatters sunshine.
She dresses neat
And oh, so sweet,
There's no other girl like mine.

She has red hair and eyes of blue,
She's worth her weight in gold,
When I hear her voice
I must rejoice,
Though I hate to hear her scold.

She showed me baskets and other things,
That she made at school,
They're all made neat
And hard to beat,
You can see she's nobody's fool.

She tells me things that sink in my heart,
That cut just like a knife.
But I want you to know
In happiness or woe,
I would like to make her my wife.

She builds castles in the air,
She makes my poor heart ache;
But I'm willing to lie
Or even die,
All for my sweetheart's sake.

It makes no difference what she does,
She will always be my pet.
And while we live
It's easy to forgive,
But it's hard, so hard to forget.

WHAT "SLIM" COULDN'T DO

Slim was a Texas cowboy
  And he roamed out on the plains.
Yes, of course, he could ride a horse
  On a lope, without the reins.

He was born and raised in Texas,
  And had a brave career.
This is true, he could throw a lasso,
  And rope the wildest steer.

He could ride just any broncho,
  And the folks thought well of him.
When they had a horse to be ridden, of
    course
  They always called for Slim.

He left his home one morning,
  No thought of sorrow or pain,
But he rode his steed, at a galloping speed,
  Into the drenching rain.

The lightning flashed on the prairie,
  And the thunder roared as well,
I held my breath, when I heard of his
    death,
  For his broncho slipped and fell.
Slim's roping days are over,
  He roams the plains no more,
But he knew no fear of any steer
  Loud, tho' the Texas panther roar.

WHAT A GIRL!

There is a girl I'll never forget,
No matter where I roam.
  She is somebody's queen,
  And is just seventeen.
Oh, that I could make her my own!

She seems different from other girls;
Her voice is sweet and low.
  Now this is the truth:
  I love Abbie Ruth.
More than she'll ever know.

I am proud of this friend, so dear
        to me.
Don't ask me why.
  I heard her relate,
  She will soon graduate,
And get a diploma from South High.

She is young and beautiful,
I have heard people say,
  She is particular about her looks,
  But she is also fond of her books.
Now I wish this girl luck on her way.

She's bright, cheerful, and modest,
With eyes that are shining and true,
  She has rosy cheeks,
  And a sweet smile when she speaks,
And so very considerate too.

She's sure to make her fortune.
Here's hoping for her fame.
  Now this one thing I know:
  If she has a show,
She'll get there just the same.

THE GIRL I CAN'T FORGET

I have met a girl who is marvelous,
  To me she is divine.
I declare, "You can search everywhere;
  But you won't meet a friend like mine."

She has a sunny nature,
  And I have loved her from the start.
I want to say, "She has a winning way,
  There's a place for her in my heart."

She is a girl who is honored highly,
  So this is very true.
She wears a smile, most all the while;
  She's never downhearted or blue.

She is very ambitious,
  Though rather thin and frail;
But nevertheless, I must confess,
  She reads the Moon or Braille.

She is a musician of talent,
  I am happy to tell.
She can sing, make the piano ring;
  And plays the violin as well.

She runs the typewriter with care,
  As though she could see.
And I must relate, she is great
  For she never misses a key.

She doesn't annoy anyone,
  And she isn't brazen or bold,
She told me one night, how she lost
    her sight,
  When she was five years old.

She makes vases and other things,
  They are very pretty, too.
She sits for hours, and makes beaded
    flowers,
  And girls like this one are few.

THE IDEAL CAR

Some folks like the old tin Ford,
So I've heard them say,
You may think as you will,
But I get a thrill
When I drive my Auburn coupe.

There's never a knock beneath
the hood,
And the lights you don't have
to fix,
When you want speed,
All you need,
Is an Auburn Six.

Sister drives an Oldsmobile,
And mother a Chevrolet,
My old man,
Drives a Buick sedan,
And has grief both night and day.

I don't like an Oakland,
Because it takes the cash,
I don't like a Pontiac,
Or a Cadillac,
And I can't say much for a Nash.

Once some one stole my gas,
But I used alcohol,
And made a hill,
No other car will,
Without any trouble at all.

I have had my car just a year,
And have kept it looking nice,
And I want to state,
That the service is great,
And I wouldn't sell it at any price.

You can buy old cars everywhere,
And new ones on display,
But if you want a machine,
The best ever seen,
Just buy an Auburn coupe.

TO ANN

Deep in my heart there's a longing,
For one who is kind to me.
I've heard her relate
About her fate
When a child at her mother's knee.

Always she was fondled with care.
In time she lost her sight.
There was joy, and bliss
In the mother's kiss,
When she rocked her child for the
night.

Her cheeks are like roses,
And she is marvelous, too.
Her complexion is fair,
And she has light hair,
And her eyes are oh, so blue.

She has a sweet appearance,
I need not to be told.
Fair and true,
She's industrious too;
And her word is as good as gold.

Never worries about this or that
But does the best she can.
She is willing to work
And will never shirk,
And I'm glad that I met Ann.

IF YOU COULD JUST BE MINE

Oh happy am I 'tis true,
And all the stars above,
Know well I love
No other girl but you.

The charm of that sweet, sweet smile,
And everything you say,
From day to day,
Makes life seem worth the while.

Your cheerful repose, your grace
Makes me free to reveal,
Just how I feel,
Always you've had first place.

Your kindness is from your heart.
I must relate,
Your charm is great,
In you 'tis free from art.

My love for you dear, will abide
In rain or shine.
You're a pal of mine,
Tho' you'll never be my bride.

THE LONELY TRAMP'S DREAM

Some people call me a tramp
Though I've trod the streets o'er
and o'er,
And very little work can I ever find,
In fact it's making me sore.

My hat and coat they're worn out
And there are holes in the heels
of my shoes,
Now I've lost my pocketbook
And I say that gives me the blues.

My hat and coat they're worn out;
My suit and gloves the same,
The children often joke with me,
And 'most always ask my name.

I bum 'most all the time
From place to place I roam,
Now here I am clean down and out
Not a dollar I can call my own.

I went to a town called Greenland
Where I had been once before,
Tried to get work in the creamery,
Did the same in a clothing store.

The latter listened to my story,
Then pointed to an easy chair,
He gave me a cap and overcoat
And said that's all he could spare.

He asked me a lot of questions,
My name and if I had anywhere
to go,
And said each hour's getting colder,
And is well nigh twenty below.

He asked if I were very hungry,
And what I cared to eat.
"Move up there by the stove,
And warm your hands and feet."

And he brought me sandwiches and
coffee
With lots of sugar and cream,
But I thank the Lord that I'm no tramp
That it was just a lonely dream.

THE PAPER CARRIER

Frank carries papers,
In rain, or snow, or shine,
And he says he has a score of
customers,
That always greet him fine.

They are ready to pay for their paper,
When he raps just once on the door,
But he says there are several others
That surely make him sore.

They frown if he comes too early,
They scold if he is late.
Some want the paper in the mailbox,
Others, placed in the gate.

Some want it thrown in the yard;
Others, in the hall,
But Frank does as well as he can
He tries to please them all.

He never quarrels with anyone,
And he never picks a fight,
He wears a smile all the time,
And he always does do right.

THE WORTHY ARTIST

I adore an artist
  Who can portray
Any picture
  You can say.

She does her work
  Without a word,
She can paint
  Any flower, beast
    or bird.

She can paint a ship
  Out on the sea,
Just as true
  As true can be.

She can paint
  The moon and sun
That shines down
  On my precious one.

Some day I'll ask her
  To paint for me,
A beautiful image
  I long to see.

Not the moon
  Or the stars above,
But my darling's picture
  That I dearly love.

WE CAN WHIP 'EM

The people say that Wilson is right,
He's kept peace in the country, been slow to
fight,
Until just a few days ago,
When the trouble started with Mexico.

Our army is good but small,
We'll give old Mexico ball for ball,
Our soldiers are brave and true,
They'll stand by our country and their
duties too.

The soldiers of Mexico have very poor rules,
They have no up-to-date training schools,
Such that will teach them how to fight,
Their generals do not know wrong from right.

They can's solve a problem, and do it well,
As any American boy can tell,
Villa's the leader of the band,
And he's the best outlaw in the land.

They have murdered people by the score,
And kept this up for a year or more,
Our soldiers will fight for their country
and woe,
They say it's a fierce time in Mexico.

Yes, we have some Indians, ten or more,
Searching that country o'er and o'er,
The papers state that Villa's band is two
thousand strong,
But we're picking them out right along.

THE SISTER I HAVEN'T SEEN

I have the nicest sister
Her eyes are oh, so brown.
She has red hair,
But I don't care.
She's the best there is in town.

I hear that she is beautiful
With soft, pretty curls.
She goes to school
And minds the rule,
Just like other girls.

She tries to do her duty,
She leaves the house at eight.
She dresses neat
Is hard to beat,
And the teachers think she's great.

They tell me she has freckles,
And I say "Yes, I know,"
She won't wear a hat,
Just think of that,
Whenever it's time to go.

Her hat lies on the sofa,
Or it rests upon a chair,
She stops and looks
For her packet of books,
But leaves her hat lying there.

She's always in a hurry,
Of course she's all to blame,
Most of the while
She wears a smile,
And Ida is her name.

I have three other sisters,
But this one is oh, so kind,
She is good to me,
Because I can't see;
She was born after I went blind.

THE SUCCESSFUL ENGINEER

Pa is a first class workman,
  The best sort of engineer.
He never was late
  For work, in his whole career.

He takes everything good-naturedly
  And never speaks cross or stern,
In the yard he toils hard,
  His orders he's willing to learn.

Five years now have rolled by
  And I heard him relate.
They gave him a run on twenty-one
  And that was a local freight.

His whistle at crossings was loud and shrill
  When the boys were around,
They knew by the sound.
  That the engineer was Bill.

He was employed for the Rock Island,
  In nineteen hundred and three.
And a year you know, for the M and O,
  And five for the Santa Fe.

He was never called on the carpet,
  For a duty left undone.
And I want to suggest that he did his best,
  So they gave him a better run.

He reported for work without fail,
  Never stopped for snow or rain.
Said the boss "Take ninety-three,
  You and Lee, the evening passenger
    train."

His pride in his occupation,
  I've often heard him tell;
And I want to say, he draws good pay,
  He has bought a home and is doing
    well.

WHAT AN EDUCATION WILL DO

When I was a lad, and went to school,
I disobeyed the teacher's rule.

I used to like to plague the girls
By pulling their braids or twisting their
curls.

I dropped my books upon the floor,
In the corner I stood, for an hour or more.

I did arithmetic day by day,
But grammar, caused me great dismay.

The nouns and adjectives had me vexed,
And the plagued geography, that came next.

All history sort of bothered me;
Of music, I didn't know A from B.

Writing, that was hard to do,
And reading, made me blue.

Spelling! That was just a fad,
And algebra nearly drove me mad.

I am a man, without a trade;
I have to labor with pick and spade.

Then go to school and don't forget
A good education you'll never regret.

WHEN I MAKE YOU MY OWN

Some day I'll be a pilot,
  And you shall be my queen,
And we'll go for a flight, if you say "alright,"
  When I get my flying machine.

When you're sitting alone, thinking of me,
  And you have some time to spare,
Now don't feel blue, for I'm coming to you,
  As a little bird flies in the air.

I'll take you up for a pleasant ride,
  In a place, that you never have seen,
And you won't need any fare,
  To travel the air, with me in the flying
    machine.

So, don't feel disappointed,
  When the clock strikes half past eight,
For I'll be there at nine, if the weather is fine,
  And you must not hesitate.

The plane I buy will be the best,
  And we'll cross the great wide foam,
If you'll just say the word, we'll fly like a bird,
  And safely I'll bring you home.

THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR

I have found a pal who is kind to me,
And whom I hope to greet.
  I shall be sincere,
  And call her dear,
For she makes my happiness complete.

She owes not a single soul,
Will always treat you square.
  It gives me a thrill,
  For she pays every bill,
And her credit is good everywhere.

She fills my heart with joy,
And never with woe,
  When I'm alone,
  She calls me on the 'phone,
That's why I love her so.

She doesn't speak rude to anyone,
As others sometimes do.
  When she takes your call,
  That isn't all,
She tries to push it through.

She responds to every call,
'Tis she who rings my bell.
  Through smiles and tears
  She has worked seven years
And has served the company well.

It pleases me her voice to hear,
And also to make this rhyme,
  For always,
  I'll gladly praise,
This wonderful pal of mine.

FATHER'S ADVICE

Say, Jack, before you wed,
  Don't disagree
With your wife; live a hapyy life,
  Just like your ma and me.

Pay cash for what you need,
  And buy a bungalow,
For remember, son, when your work
      is done,
  You will need a place to go.

Be a man that's honored,
  That's my appeal,
I urge, don't curse nor swear,
  And never lie or steal.

Don't spend your time in shooting pool,
  And think you're doing right,
Take my advice and don't shake dice,
  Or cruise around at night.

Don't form bad habits,
  Don't gamble, smoke or chew,
Try to be wise and economize,
  That's all I ask of you.

FLOWERS

The roses bloom most everywhere,
  The daisies in the dell,
Where the hawthorns grow, is more
    than I know,
  But I like them ever so well.

The tulips, you find in the springtime,
  The violets spring up by the stream
And on the hill, is the big daffodil,
  And the ivy that grows so green.

The peonies are pretty, and I like them too,
  You will find them most everywhere,
Here by the walk, is a bright hollyhock,
  And their fragrance is all in the air.

The chrysanthemums,
  The buttercup too, so I learn,
And when there's occasion, I wear a
    carnation,
  But the one I like best, is the fern.

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IN ME

I like the birds and bees
  And the pretty flowers too.
But the Lord above, knows my love
  Is for no other girl than you.

I can't forget the things you said,
  No matter how I try,
In rain or shine, for you I pine.
  Dear, please tell me why?

I see your face in my dreams,
  And if dreams could just come true.
I'd sing and smile, all the while
  If I could be with you.

Farewell, farewell, my darling,
  I don't want sympathy.
I must reveal, just how I feel
  As you can clearly see.

So good-bye, we are through.
  But you'll regret the day
You broke my heart, so we must part.
  And I'll be on my way.

MOTHER'S LOVE

I have a friend that's growing old
  And her hair is turning grey.
Her eyes are blue; I love her too,
  Just a little more each day.

Now, I will do for her all I can,
  For you know she has been so kind.
And there's not another as good as mother,
  Such a friend would be hard to find

If you would search this wide world o'er,
  You could never find another,
So think of this and give her a kiss,
  And always be fond of your mother.

For when you were young at her side,
  You were thought of in sorrow and joy.
She's a friend that's true, and did lots
    for you,
  Think back when you were a boy.

Then try to make her happy,
  Now that she is old and grey,
Mother's love can't be sold for onyone's
    gold,
  So never turn mother away.

SECRETS

I told the daisies secrets,
  And they promised not to tell,
Now the spring knows everything
  Of the girl I love to well.

I told the birds now this now that,
  And oh, how they did sing,
Even the bees murmured "Please,
  Tell us everything."

The tulips in the garden,
  I told my fond hopes, too,
The buttercup said, "Some day
      you'll wed,
  The girl that's dear to you."

The daffodils smiled with pleasure,
  The violets sweeter grew,
The rose of red nodded her head,
  The pansies said, "They knew."

We're going to be married,
  Sometime in the fall,
Each little star both near and far,
  Knows how I've fooled them all.

REAL LOVE

Love is like a flower
  I find as I grow old.
How well I know, it will grow,
  But is never bought or sold.

Flowers will bloom here and there
  And fade like morning dew;
But there isn't a rose ever grows,
  Takes the place in my heart
    like you.

Some girls are dear to me,
  But they're not half so true.
Our hearts entwine, how I pine,
  Just to be with you.

Give you up? I can't do that,
  No matter how I try.
It breaks my heart, when we're apart,
  And I hate to say "Goodbye."

I have no one to call my own,
  No one to caress but you.
Though my plans and schemes
  Fade like dreams, my love is
    ever true.

THE DEAREST GIRL OF ALL

You have been just like a sister to me
  Right from the start,
And no words can reveal how thankful I feel
  Like an actress you've played your part.

Not once have you faltered
  In rain or in shine,
I have friends, oh so dear, both far and near,
  But for you I always pine.

You have helped me when I was distressed
  And the burden too hard to bear,
You've kept the gloom out of my room,
    While others did not seem to care

So that's why I'm writing these lines,
  To express my gratitude,
While I am a poet, I want the world to
    know it;
  You never spoke harsh nor rude.

You have taken the sorrow out of my heart;
  Yes this is true,
And I'm glad to say, I've been happy
    each day
  Since I have found you.

HAIL TO DUGAN

Ed is a gentleman
And works for the blind.
  I want you to know,
  Wherever you go,
A better man you'll never find.

He is tall and handsome,
With eyes of blue,
Of complexion fair,
  With dark brown hair.
He is kind-hearted and true.

He is an attorney
Both witty and wise.
  He has a home
  That is all his own.
It is just a paradise.

With the welfare of the blind
He has much to do.
  I may suggest,
  To put his bill through,
He did his best

To give us all an equal chance
Is his purpose kind
  And to train us in school
  To be nobody's fool.
Few know what it is to be blind.

JUST LEAVE IT TO HENRY

There is a well known attorney, in this town,
And very few can make him back down.

He has practiced law for many a year,
If he pleads your case, you have nothing to fear.

He doesn't get excited, as some attorneys do,
But he questions each witness, through and through.

He has a good character, I have often heard,
And worthy of his position, for he's a man of his word.

Should you be in distress, do not appeal,
To any other lawyer than Henry Beal.